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with considerable assurance and went at the squash. I inevitably pined for the squash, as it is one of my favorite vegetables. JOB: "This is the first time I have ever had squash, and I'm glad to say that it's now on my list of delicacies." SRP: "Wonderful! I'm glad you like it." I did the dishes and JOB picked out his spot for his sleeping bag -- on the platform right under the troupe l'oeil alcove. I produced a quilt for padding under JOB's sleeping bag and also a pillow. We talked for a while about Fort Benning and then withdrew. I made an attempt to write down some notes on the day but was too tired to keep at it for very long. John quickly fell asleep and I read in Volume II of the Norton Anthology of English Literature. Before we went into town -- it occurred to me now -- Howard & Barbara Meyerson stopped for a visit. How delivered my new Liberty Bank checks & also a letter from Faythe. Howard and Barbara went inside the church and looked around as John and I finished up the tree we were working on when they arrived. Neither HAY nor Barbara can understand how I can live here. HAY: "You need a couch don't you?" SRP: "Not at all. I only sit in straight back wooden chair." Howard looked at me as if I had just reported that I eat raw fish for breakfast. Very amusing. Howard and Barbara are so aggressively conventional & because they are my non-concentric self & were were very much highlighted by their presence here. Howard and Barbara were here for about 20 minutes and following their departure, John and I went back to work in the woods. After only a couple hours of cutting, it is already brighter inside the Hall.

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I woke up at about 9 AM and it was very chilly in the Hall. I decided that I would get up and go to Clifford and get some breakfast provisions. I got up and John immediately woke up. SRP: "Good morning." JOB: "Good morning." I went about my morning routines and then announced my departure for Clifford for provisions. JOB: "OK. I'll probably be cutting trees when you get back." SRP: "I should be back in about 20 minutes." I went to the Clifford Farm Market and bought some hot sausage & green pepper & milk & corn bread mix and bananas. When I returned, JOB was cutting down the large ash tree by the SW window. He did so with great precision and the tree fell exactly where John wanted it to fall. Immediately he went about cutting off the branches and preparing the larger limbs & trunk for cutting. I marked out the 20-inch sections. John cut them up and then helped me dispose of the refuse. Some of the junk branches were about 4 feet long & were like javelins -- the end queerly having been cut off by JOB. We threw ash javelins into the trash pile and one of the finest "javelins" was at least 6 feet long and about five inches in diameter. JOB pointed to the log and remarked: "OK Hercules. Try this one." SRP: "I don't think I can." JOB, and I knew he would, seized upon the log and hurled it into the junk pile. SRP: "Shall we go in & have something to eat?" JOB: "Not sounds like a good idea." Inside we went.